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THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

VOL. I.—No. 16. TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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DRURY LANE.—THE STORES, at 7.30. Director of the Stores, Mr. Walter Pelham; Miss Kathleen Corri, Mr. Douglas Cox, Mr. De'Lange, Mr. Gregory, Mr. Boughton, Mr. Buccalessi, Mr. Weldon.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, TO NIGHT, at a Quarter to Eight. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at Half-past Nine. Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats booked by Letter or Telegram. THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, April 16. This Theatre will be closed in Passion Week, until Saturday, April 16, when will be presented Mr. Cowley's Comedy, THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Doricourt, Mr. Irving; Letitia Hardy, Miss Ellen Terry; Miss Sophie Young, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Elwood, &c. &c. Preceded by Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP. Seats can now be booked.—LYCEUM.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THIS EVENING, at 8, MICHAEL STROGOFF. Mr. C. Warner, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Messrs. J. Fernandez, Irish, Rosier, Warren, Russell, Palmer, Proctor; Mesdames Bernard-Beere and Gerard. At 7.15, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Clara Jecks.

OLYMPIC.—JENNIE LEE.—JO.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30. Miss JENNIE LEE; Mesdames Dolores Drummond, M. Leighton, F. Smithers, C. Steele, F. Leyton, C. Humphreys, &c.; Mr. J. P. Burnett; Messrs. Howell, Dolby, Compton, Andrews, Leigh, Crisp, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by FAMILY JARS. Misses Smithers and Leyton. Messrs. Compton, Crisp, Grahame. Box Office open 10 till 5. No Booking Fees. Carriages 10.45.—General Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—OLYMPIC.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.—7.0, OPERETTA. 7.20, LITTLE MOTHER: Miss L. Venne, &c. 8.30, FORTY THIEVES (Burlesque) in 3 Acts. Misses Farren, Vaughan, Gilchrist, Broughton, Gilbert, Hewett; Terry, Royce, Squire, Dallas, Two Macs, and Chorus.

GLOBE.—The THEATRE will REOPEN on SATURDAY, the 16th April, with an entirely new Opera Comique, in Three Acts, by Offenbach, entitled MARGOT. First Time in this country. Produced under the immediate direction of Mr. H. B. Farnie, supported by a strongly augmented Company and elaborate Mise-en-Scene. Full particulars will shortly be announced.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAY, April 2nd, will be produced an entirely New and Original Romantic Spectacular Drama of Sensational Interest, entitled, BRANDED, written by Richard Lee.

BRANDED.—On SATURDAY NEXT, April 2, at 7.45, will be produced an entirely New and Original Romantic Spectacular Drama of sensational interest, entitled BRANDED, written by Richard Lee. New and realistic Scenery by Charles Brooke. New Overture and incidental Music by Michael Connelly. New Military Costumes direct from the Army Contractors, Paris. The horses supplied by Mr. George Sanger. Preceded at 7.0 by Farce, THE INTRIGUE.—SATURDAY NEXT, April 2. Box-office open daily.—ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. BRANDED.—Messrs. HENRY NEVILLE, Redmund, F. Archer, J. Beauchamp, F. Charles, C. Sidney, Allen Thomas, Hewitt, Escourt, Evens, Gardiner, Greville, W. Avondale, Chamberlain, Stirling, &c.; Misses Caroline Hill, Maud Milton, Katie Barry, &c.: Mrs. Huntley and Mrs. Lyons. The Drama produced under the direction of Mr. Harry Jackson.—SATURDAY NEXT, April 2.—ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, a New Comedy in Three Acts, called THE COLONEL, by F. C. Burnand. Preceded, at 7.50 by IN HONOUR BOUND, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Flockton, Mr W. Herbert, Mr. Eric Bayley, Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and Mr. Edgar Bruce Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Myra Holme, Miss C. Grahame, Miss Eva Sothern, Mrs Leigh Murray, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 7.50. Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Five.—THE COLONEL. MATINEES, WEDNESDAY NEXT, March 30, SATURDAY, April 2. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30. An early application for seats is necessary.

ROYALTY.—Manageress, KATE LAWLER.—Doors open at 6.30. THE SECRET, 6.45. H. J. Byron's highly-successful Comic Drama, BOW BELLS, at 7.30; to conclude, at 9.30, with the great Royalty Burlesque, DON JUAN JUNIOR, now played for over 130 nights. Pronounced by the Press to be an overwhelming triumph. Kate Lawler, Harriet Coveney, Emma Ritta, Ruth Francis, Annie Lawler, Florence Lavender, Connie Carlin, and Elise Ward; Edward Righton, Seymour Dallas, T. P. Haynes, Frank Wyatt, Herbert Kelcey, H. Martell, and Frank Cooper. Musical Director, Herr Max Schroter; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank Rothsay; Acting and General Business Manager for Kate Lawler, Cecil Raleigh.

STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New and Original Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled OLIVETTE, adapted from the French of Chivot and Duru. Written and produced by H. B. Farnie. Preceded, at 7.30, by A SUMMER CLOUD. The Entertainment supported by a Powerful Company. Doors open at 7. Box Office open daily.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

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FOLLY.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, HESTER'S MYSTERY. At 8.15, 344th Time, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called THE UPPER CRUST. Barnaby Doublechick, Mr. J. L. Toole. At 10.15, ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Mr. J. L. Toole. Box Office open 10 till 5.—Prices: 1s. to £3 3s. No Free List. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.

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ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT (Second Time), at 8.0 o'clock, will be produced JEANNE, JEANNETTE, AND JEANNETON, a New Comic Opera, in a Prologue and Three Acts, by MM. Clairville and Delacour. Music by P. Lacome. The English Libretto by R. Reece. Characters by Mesdames Loseby, St. Quinten, Alice May, Ivanova, Jamieson, Martino; Messrs. W. H. Woodfield, W. S. Penley, Kelleher, Power, Collini, Sweatman, and Fred Leslie. —TO-NIGHT (Second Time). In Act II. is introduced a New Grand Mythological Ballet, entitled ENDYMION (Music by G. Jacobi): Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gillert, Rosa, and Palladino, supported by the entire Corps de Ballet.

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H. FREEMAN.

THE CUCKOO

News and Gossip of the day.

VOL. I.—No 16. TUESDAY, MARCH 29, 1881. ONE PENNY.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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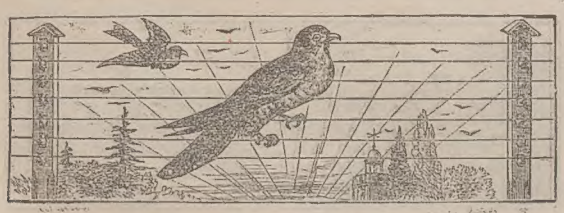
N. V. B.—*Editor's Office (to which all literary contributions for* THE CUCKOO *should be addressed), 97, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. Advertisers will please address H. Freeman, 86, Fleet Street, E.C. Publishing Office, 1, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*



News from Abroad.

Before the murder of the Czar ceases to be a nine days' wonder, I may call attention to the circumstance that he was the second sovereign who was slain in open day in a street of his own capital. The other was Henry IV. of France, first of the line of Bourbon, who perished by the knife of Ravaillac in a narrow street of the Paris which he had declared "*valait bien une messe.*" Three attempts had been made on his life previously.

How true the saying of de Maistre:—"Russia is an autocracy tempered by assassination."

Strangely enough, there was a rumour of the murder of the Czar current at Carlisle on the evening of the day before it actually took place. Last year, early in the afternoon of the day when the explosion took place in the Winter Palace, a man appeared at a newspaper office in Vienna with a full account of the affair, and the addition that all the Imperial Family had perished, which he offered to the editor for the evening paper. The editor refused to insert it, and a few hours later the first information of the explosion was telegraphed from St. Petersburg.

The Empress Maria Feodorovna, *née* Princess Dagmar of Denmark, is a splendid horsewoman, a skilful skater, can "tool" four-in-hand through the verdant alleys of the Peterkoff with an address surprising for her sex, and is withal an accomplished musician and a woman of the true womanly temperament—sweet, loveable, and domestic.

She made it a point of visiting her father and family at Copenhagen every year, and was invariably accompanied by her husband. The "sea-king's daughter" loves her native Denmark, and has miniatures of all that Thorwaldsen ever chiselled in her *boudoir* in the Annitchkin Palace.

During the summer manœuvres she was always to be seen by the side of her husband, when he voyaged among the Cossacks of the Don. She put on the uniform of an officer of these valiant legionaries, and followed her lord and master like an aide-de-camp.

Prince Souvarow, a former aide-de-camp of the late Emperor Nicholas, is the surest friend of the actual Czar.

Countess Woronzow and the Princess Obolenzy are the companions and intimates of the actual Czarevna. Finally, she is as popular with the nation as her amiable sister, the Princess of Wales, is with us.

A special guard is told off to assure the safety in St. Petersburg of the English princes.

Herren Fritzsche and Vieick have, at a meeting at St. Louis, deprecated the assassination of rulers.

This is very important! But why do they not also deprecate the "customs" of Aboney, where the other day several hundred natives were sacrificed to King Gelele for the recreation of his wives and the general public?

News from the Transvaal is very encouraging.

The *Times* correspondent says, "that the troops are indignant and dejected." The *Telegraph* correspondent says "That the Boers are triumphant and full of self-congratulations." The *Standard* correspondent says "That the colony is exasperated and humiliated, and that the sense of disgrace is very keen and sincere."

The *Daily News* has no correspondent; but its editor congratulates Mr. Gladstone upon the above state of affairs.

An item of very tragic interest comes from the Transvaal. It appears that the very day upon which peace was signed the Potchefstroom garrison attempted to fight their way out. After losing 100 in killed and wounded with several thousand rounds of ammunition and two guns they were made prisoners by the rebels!

Perhaps, after all, then, it was just as well that peace was signed. Two more guns on the Drakensberg might have been awkward facts, Mr. Gladstone.

More officers killed in Basutoland! Colonel Carrington himself wounded! A hard fight anticipated in a day or two! Such are the latest items from the land of Moshesh and the Sons of the Crocodile.

It is not for the first time that we warn the public to prepare for troubles in Basutoland. Fighting has re-commenced, and, so far as we know, with all the customary absence of decisive results.

Roumania has got a King now. Servia will soon have one. What a breaking of crowns there will be when "the great Power from the North" comes down upon these dunghill monarchs!

Rouen is shortly to be illuminated by a series of electric lights, worked, each of them, by a meter of 500-horse power. The enterprise on foot, in this instance, has been so carefully systematised by the Messrs. Siemens that the scheme will include an almost house-to-house supply of electric illumination. Can London have it?

Mr. John Russell Young, known to London journalists as the former correspondent in England of the *New York Herald*, and still an *attaché* of that paper, has been selected by President Garfield as Minister of the United States to Japan. It is understood that the nomination is due to the influence of General Grant, whom Mr. Young accompanied in his recent tour round the world. General Grant gave much attention to the condition of the Asiatic Empires during his visit, and has strongly impressed upon the Washington Government the expediency of a radical change in the diplomatic relations between them and his own country. Mr. Young may, in some sort, be regarded as his disciple in this matter. Hence the appointment, which is believed to be an excellent one in every particular.

Unless England is willing to see her interests in Eastern Asia jeopardised by the closer intimacy likely to result from friendlier American intercourse with Japan and China, it might be desirable to imitate so judicious an example.

First of the subscriptions to reach Nice in relief of the widows and orphans of those who perished in the great fire is the contribution of King Humbert. His Majesty forwarded yesterday a purse of 5,000 francs.

Perhaps the most important item published yesterday was the statement of the new line of territory which Turkey has offered to Greece. The proposed boundary starts from the Ægean Sea three miles south of Platamona, runs a slightly southern course, then westward to Tsaritsena, which will remain Turkish, while Nezeros, Krania, and Pyrgolo are given to Greece; thence the line goes in a south-westerly direction to the peak of Mount Kritiri, trending northward again to Deminiko (which is ceded to Greece) to Cimintza. This town, as well as Dissikata, will be retained by Turkey. From Cimintza the line proceeds south-west to Mount Peristeri, surrendering Georgitzi, but leaving Metzovo six miles to the westward on the Turkish side. Leaving Mount Peristeri the boundary continues thence to the Arta river, in a line drawn due south-west, and follows the course of the river down to the Gulf of Arta, the town of that name, however, remaining in Turkish hands.

If this doesn't satisfy Greece, she certainly does not merit further consideration from the Powers.

Surely if England can be content to accept unsatisfactory arrangements at the hands of the Boers and Afghans, King George might swallow enough of his pride to take the advice of all the Great Powers of Europe in council.

Of all the odd correspondence in the world commend me to that of the great Yankee showman as the oddest Addressed to "Mr. Barnum, America," they come from remote parts of all the four quarters of the globe. Written by literate and illiterate, they are already ton loads in weight, and include among those who have scribbled them, according to my good friend the *Era*, clowns, clergymen, schoolboys, backwoodsmen, magicians, and swallowers.

Paragons of every imaginable description, are held out to him in temptation. Requests of the wildest kind preferred to him by young and old alternately. Unlike the begging-letter writer who asked Boz to leave a donkey out for him on the door-mat, a boy eight years of age writes entreatingly, "Don't you send me the little jackass that pitches the boys off his back."

Devices of the wildest kind were resorted to by the impecunious of both sexes, in the hope of extracting from Mr. Barnum even the smallest contributions. The salt-box was again and again got out by some in the hope of securing an old bird wilier than the wiliest of jackdaws.

News from the Country.

Malvern rejoices in an abnormally low death rate, the mean mortality for 1880 being no higher than 7·4 per thousand. This is a fact worth the notice of tourists and holiday-makers.

Whitby Liberals have just made a presentation to Mr. Thomas Turnbull, J.P., in recognition of his valuable services to the Liberal party of the borough. The testimonial has taken the form of an illuminated address, which is said to be a sumptuous work of art.

Principal Shairp, of St. Andrew's University, is known to a few as the writer of an "*unco guid* and rigidly righteous" book on Burns in John Morley's series of "Men of Letters." He holds up his hands in pious horror in every page over poor Rob's little failings, which ought to have been buried in his unhappy grave long ago.

John Shairp was once an under-master at Rugby, and twenty years ago or more got promoted to the chair of "Humanity" in St. Andrew's, close by the east neuk of Fife. A quiet cosy town, when the east wind is at home, where there is little temptation for the poor and thrifty Scotch students to leave the paths of virtue and hard work. Much whisky, with a little hot water and sugar, used to be drunk in certain humble lodgings on a Saturday night.

Perhaps the greatest excitement of the St. Andrews' students' session was Kate Kennedy's-day. Kate was a lady who, centuries ago, did some good turn to the university, and the students sought to keep her memory green by marching through the streets on the day devoted to her in all sorts of masquerade costumes. No harm was done, and the students were the better for the little relief to the monotony of their existence. But the severe-minded Shairp sought to change all this. He is a very proper person, and resolved to abolish poor Kate's *fête*, perhaps because she is fabled to have been the daughter of a bishop, who ought not have had any daughter.

So eight years ago he got the Senatus to pass all sorts of pains and penalties in any student who desired to take part in Kate's procession, and for eight years Kate's day was left unnoticed, but she was not forgotten.

"When the cat's away the mice will play." In this case the cat had to leave his post for a few days recently, and the rebellious mice took advantage of this to revive Kate's masquerading procession. Terrible was the wrath of John when he returned and found what had occurred. A whole lot of the poor fellows have been rusticated, a very serious thing for most of them, who can ill afford to lose a year of their precious time. The people of St. Andrews, headed by their douce provost, have taken the matter up in public meeting, and resolved that the procession ought to be restored, as they rather like it than otherwise. These big raw-boned Scotch youths don't like being treated like Rugby schoolboys, and the sensible portion of the Senatus would do well to restrain the sacrilegious propensities of their foolish principal, else they may ere long find their occupation gone, for there are only about 100 students at St. Andrew's altogether.

Chatham, I hear, is to have the advantage of the service of the South Eastern system extended to it shortly—that is, if they can settle matters with the conflicting interests of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company.

How crooked are the ways of red-tapeism, and how ill its frequent effects, has just had a striking illustration in Dover. A poor woman who had met with an accident from fire was taken to the hospital, on the instructions of the doctor who was called to see her just after the accident. Here, however, they refused to take her in, as she had been tainted by the receipt of parish relief, and so the two kindly-disposed women who had taken charge of her had to go about in a cab from place to place for two hours in search of an order for the workhouse, the injured woman being in the vehicle the whole time. Needless to add she died. These facts were brought out at the coroner's inquest, where the indignation of the jury was met by the unanswerable fact—that the reception of the woman would have been against the rules of the establishment.

Colonel Hutchinson has just made his official inspection of the Cheltenham and Banbury New Railway, and he soon hope to have the line in active working. Operations have also been begun at the Ledbury-end, on the Gloucester and Ledbury line.

Artistic visitors to Bettws-y-Coed will be pleased to hear that Lady Willoughby d'Eresby intends to re-fix David Cox's sign board on the old inn with which his name is so intimately connected.

Scarborough has—or had until very recently—a fishing yawl, in connection with which there were one or two remarkable facts. She had been built fifty years, had seen several spells of rough weather, and had been instrumental in losing eighteen lives. She has, however, foundered in the late gales, with all hands on board, and a stop has thus been put to her career. "Quite time," is the ejaculation which rises spontaneously to the lips, only it is a pity so many gallant fellows should have perished in her. It is, moreover, doubtful whether her loss was an unmitigated misfortune to the owners, who get £170 by way of insurance. Sir Charles Legard entertains strong opinions on this particular, and he is pressing the case upon the attention of the Board of Trade.

How sad is often the end of the friendless has seldom been more clearly illustrated than at Edinburgh last Thursday. A young woman walking along one of the poorer streets, overcome by illness, was obliged to go into one of the houses to ask for a drink of water. After drinking the water, she sat down at the bottom of the stair. The woman of the house, seeing she looked very ill, followed her down the stair, and found her in a dying state. One of the neighbours ran for a constable, but before he arrived she had died.

At the inquest it transpired that the deceased had been brought up in a Belfast orphanage, had tried to earn a livelihood as a tailoress, but had been in ill-health for some considerable time, and had no friends.

A young lady of Ayr, well dressed and nice-looking—so our correspondent describes her—unable to repress the feminine instinct for finery, yielded in an unlucky moment—or, to judge from the extent of the booty, in a series of unlucky moments—to the temptation of laying sinful hands upon her employer's property. The goods purloined are comprehensively classed as consisting of "silk jackets, cloth jackets, silks, satins, laces, flowers, feathers, and other millinery and drapery goods."

Even the unimpressionable heart of a Scotch Sheriff felt the ungratefulness of the duty that the circumstances of the case imposed upon him; but, withal, his Worship felt constrained to pass a sentence of six months' imprisonment.

The sportsmanlike instinct is strong in the Irish race. Juveniles possess it as strongly as their elders, and when unable to obtain a gun they have recourse to that primitive instrument the sling. Foot passengers, however, are scarcely legitimate game—at least, the magistrates think so in Belfast, and the embryo Nimrods, I regret to say, are being driven from the field by unsympathetic hands.

The officers of the 74th Highlanders give a ball in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, to-morrow night.

Nobody expected that the Caledonian Railway Company would be successful in their attempt to oust the Glasgow

and South Western Company from the joint-occupancy of Bridge-street Station, Glasgow. The latter company are open, however, to treat with the Caledonian directors for the sale of their vested interest in the station. The sum they ask is, I hear, half a million sterling. This "fancy" price won't tempt the Caledonian.

Boycotting is, after all, being let down very gently. Messrs. Kelliher and Murphy, who were on Thursday convicted at the Cork assizes of boycotting Jeremiah Hegarty, merchant, Mill-street, were yesterday morning sentenced to no more than twelve months' imprisonment each. Justice Barry, while passing sentence, remarked that having regard to the gravity of the offence, many people would consider the punishment inadequate. And he was right.

A very charming novelty in lectures was introduced to an Edinburgh audience the other day by an American lady, who lectured on Robert Burns, and sang his songs by way of illustration. This is a distinct advance on the magic-lantern.

Henry Irving on Shakespeare, with characteristic illustrations, would take London captive.

John Croxton, itinerating showman, had a serious charge against one Peter McIntyre, *restaurateur* of Edinburgh.

It appears that the showman had a dwarf and a giant, a performing seal, and also a large pig. Upon these features of his exhibition, he relied for popular favour. But the officer in charge of the market objected to the character of the exhibition, generally, without specifying any objection in particular, either to the big man or the little one, or the seal or the swine.

McIntyre, therefore, as temporary lessee of the ground on which the show was to be held, removed the erection in which it was to be displayed, and the result, of course, was that the showman lost all he might have got by his exhibition, and, moreover, lost his giant and his dwarf. These haughty persons went off in a huff, refusing to remain with a paltry showman who had no place to show them in.

The pig stayed behind, and so did the performing seal, but Mr. Croxton considered these elements insufficient to make his entertainment popular, and hence his suit. On the general ground that a pig and a seal do not alone make up a very exhilarating exhibition we agree with Mr. Croxton, but cannot help deploring as a lapse from good taste his allowing the pig and the seal to feel this so pointedly. After all, a pig in the hand is worth two giants in the next street, and while a broken leg and a good seal stay at home, a rolling dwarf gathers no moss.

But giants and dwarfs always were difficult to manage.

While the workmen were at breakfast the other day, the contractor for excavating the site of the new Town Buildings at Greenock, and a friend, amused themselves by exploding a blasting charge. But there was some error apparently in the way they did it.

Their charge exploded excellently, but all in the wrong direction, for instead of displacing the rock they intended to move, it blew all the windows in the neighbourhood to pieces.

Had the workmen been on duty, the contractor would probably have had to contract for burying a good number of them. As it was, the only harm, except to glass, was the alarm spread in Greenock as to a "Fenian" attempt to Mansion House the premises.

The Manchester New School of Art is now completed, and the committee have been long engaged considering the steps to be taken for an inaugural ceremony. A short time ago a request was made to Lord Derby, who is a liberal contributor to the building fund, to preside on the occasion, and his lordship has consented, fixing the date as the 27th April. It is intended also to hold a conversazione in the evening of that day, Lord Derby presiding, and, it is hoped, he will be induced to deliver an address.

The preliminary works of the Channel Tunnel are making considerable progress. It is estimated that to complete the boring from shore to shore, and to lay down a double line of rails within the subway, will require eight years of labour and the expenditure of rather less than six millions of money. This is inclusive of the time and capital needed to form the railway approaches at each end of the tunnel.

The scheme is certainly practicable. Near Brighton Sir John Hawkshaw built a tunnel five and a quarter miles in length and close to the sea. It is wholly in the upper chalk; the material is by no means compact; one end of it is 12 feet and the other 20 feet below high-water mark; and during the progress of the work immense quantities of water entered the boring; yet the undertaking was carried out without any serious hitch. The Channel tunnel will lie in firmer strata, two hundred feet of which will intervene between the crown of the arch and the sea; and if the chalk be solid, as is believed, water will not permeate it at all.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Gaol.—The imprisoned Land Leaguers holding a meeting in Kilmainham and passing resolutions.

Touching Kilmainham, there is not a main sewer in the whole township. Dublin is one of the most unhealthy cities in Europe.

Land leaguing is a pastime that pays in Ireland, where English soldiers are few and English Government feeble; but in America it should prove a perilous policy, for our kin across the sea are not given to trifling with social diseases of the Parnellite kind.

They would have lynched some of the men who are now in Kilmainham Gaol long ago if they had aimed at making the public safety insecure, and this is what will happen most probably to those rent-payers of Brooklyn, who met yesterday to organise an American Anti-Rent League, of which the first principle is that rents should be always fixed.

The coffin of Mr. Allan Pollock was conveyed the other day from his late residence near Ballinasloe, to Dublin, *en route* to the place of interment in Scotland. The deceased owned 34,000 acres, and gave constant and remunerative employment to a small army of labourers. As the hearse passed through the town of the great fair, not a shutter was put up. Yet the Celt is called warm-hearted and generous!

When the West of Ireland is fit to live in again it should not be forgotten, to the credit of the priests, that more than once they have kept mobs back with their fists and their shillelaghs from committing savage outrages.

For the first time in Irish history the priest is following the people instead of leading them. But, all the same, a fine sense of authority is displayed, whenever occasion seems to call for it, by the priest doing his best to crack Pat's head.

Pat does not think any the worse of his priest for it.

At Killmallock, yesterday, two officers might have been murdered, but for the priests standing at bay and using their fists.

Twenty thousand pounds is a tolerably heavy conflagration bill, but it is what the London, Liverpool, and Globe Office will have to pay in compensation for the fire that took place at a spinning mill in Boston, near Leeds, on Thursday last.

It is a curious incident for a man to die, nobody knows how, and four doctors to be totally unable to tell for what.

Singular as the circumstance is, it has just happened at Leeds, in the person of Mr. Stansfield, a barrister of the London Temple.

This gentleman visited that town on Saturday, and remained in good health until Thursday, when he was attacked with what appeared to be spasmodic asthma. A visit from the surgeon, however, apparently put all to rights, and things went well till evening, when Mr. Stansfield was again suddenly seized, and died before any assistance could be procured.

The curious aspect of the case is that no trace of the cause of death could be gathered from external appearances, and a *post-mortem* examination, undertaken for the satisfaction of the friends of the dead man, still left the thing a mystery.

The coroner's inquest did not advance matters one whit, for, though deceased's brother said that he had watched his system gradually withering away for years under the effects of intemperance, and was not in the least surprised to hear of the sudden death, the doctors still declared that the internal organs showed no symptoms.

They accordingly refused to certify the cause of death, the jury were in consequence unable to make any presentment, and there the case stands for the present.

In the meantime, a chemical analysis is to be made of the contents of the stomach.

It has been decided to hold a demonstration in Newcastle-on-Tyne on June 9, in commemoration of the centenary of George Stephenson. It is proposed to observe the day as a public holiday, and to request the inhabitants to decorate their houses. In the evening there will be a public banquet, at which a subscription will be initiated or the erection of a building for the College of Physical Science, to be called the Stephenson College of the University of Durham.

Courts and Courtiers.

Yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, the Queen and Princess Beatrice, attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite, left Windsor Castle and drove to the Windsor terminus of the Great Western Railway, whence they travelled by special train to Paddington, arriving about twenty minutes to twelve. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Buckingham Palace, where they will remain until Wednesday, and then return to Windsor Castle.

A Drawing Room is held this afternoon at Buckingham Palace.

The children of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain at Windsor till Her Majesty returns.

His Royal Highness the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief will hold a *levée* at one o'clock on Wednesday, the 6th April next, at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, the number being limited to 150. Applications to attend should be addressed to the Military Secretary.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales invested the new Czar with the Order of the Garter yesterday. Much of the imposing ceremony of this splendid investiture was curtailed.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, as well as the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, were present, the Prince of Wales being assisted in the ceremony by the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse, so that the gathering had somewhat of a family character, all brothers-in-law together.

The Empress of Austria left Newbury at ten o'clock yesterday morning, arriving at Victoria at half-past two. Her Majesty drove at once to Buckingham Palace, and, after a visit of two hours, drove back to Victoria, where her suite awaited her, and started, *viâ* Dover, for Paris, where she will stay a week.

One of the results of the Austrian Empress's visit to Combermere Hall for hunting purposes is, I am told, a decided improvement in the methods of mounting horses by ladies in that country. Instead of acrobatically skipping or awkwardly struggling into the saddle, they now perform the operation in a graceful, semi-military manner.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederica and Baron von Pawell Rammingen have lost their infant daughter, whose condition had given rise to grave anxiety for some days. The child died on Sunday evening at 8.45. It had been privately baptized on Friday evening by the Rev. Mr. Wodehouse, chaplain to Hampton Court Palace, and had received the names of Victoria Georgina Beatrice Maude Anne.

Their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, attended by Baron Both and Major G. Winsloe, aides-de-camp, arrived at St. James's Palace on Sunday night from the Continent.

The Countess of Winchilsea and Lady Eveline Finch-Hatton have taken their departure from the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood.

A marriage is arranged between Mr. Edward Hope, son of the late Mr. Hope, of Lufness, and the Hon. Mrs. George Hope, and Miss Constance Christina Leslie, second daughter of Sir John and Lady Leslie.

The attack of bronchial asthma under which the Earl of Beaconsfield has been suffering, though it was most severe, and a cause of some anxiety to his friends, has now yielded to treatment. The gout, also, having become well developed, has assisted in producing the welcome change. Dr. Kidd thought it necessary to remain up with his patient all Sunday night.

Among the English families of distinction at present staying at Biarritz are the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, with Lady Georgiana Hamilton and Lady Florence Anson, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and family, Earl and Countess Howe, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Lord and Lady Vivian, Lord and Lady Wimborne, Mr. and Lady Laura Hampton, and Mr. and Mrs. Balfour.

A threat against the life of the Emperor of Germany has been anonymously addressed to the Crown Princess. In spite, however, of this, the gallant old Kaiser does not shorten his visit at St. Petersburg.

Gossip of Town.

JUGGED JOURNALISTS.

To the Editor of The Cuckoo.—Sir,—If your "Other Correspondent" did not proclaim himself a Scotchman, his letter in The Cuckoo of to-day would at once betray his Caledonian origin.

To any *but* a Scotchman the tone of *badinage* in which I replied to the reference made to me in your "Other Correspondent's" first letter must have been sufficiently apparent.

My imprisonment at Holloway was a very serious and very unpleasant matter, but as two of the people who sent me there are dead, I feel less sore about it than I did.—Yours faithfully, J. Mortimer.

March 28, 1881.

In consequence of the alleged complicity of Mr. O'Donnell in the attempt to blow up the Mansion House, a seat in the Commons may be shortly expected to be vacant. It is rumoured that Mr. Plimsoll will contest the borough.

Two men are implicated with O'Donnell. Their names are Mooney and Coleman.

Can this be the beadle Mooney? He was always suspected by the youth of Cook's Court (in "Bleak House") of having boiled a boy.

And *Coleman*, too? Surely not the ——. (See advt.)

Horrible Outrages on Sir Coutts Lindsay.—Is it true that Sir Coutts Lindsay has applied to the Home Secretary to have his house placed under police supervision, and that Sir Wm. Harcourt has made arrangements with Colonel Henderson to give effect to his request? No one intends to blow up Sir Coutts; nor, so far as I know, has he any Irish tenantry. The reason why constables and detectives are now on duty in Cromwell-place has nothing to do with Fenianism.

Last year Sir Coutts found that just at the season when selections were to be made for the Grosvenor, all his aristocratic friends broke out into picture frames. They came in dozens to the Gallery, and to Ford and Dickinson's. A general order had to be issued, and offence was sought to be avoided by uniformity of treatment. But soon it appeared that if these amateurs were not artistic, at least they were artful. By all sorts of clandestine methods their works were smuggled in under the baronet's nose. An art patron's life was not a happy lot. The art patron's friends were not a happy lot either.

But they persevered.

At length it went so far—I vouch nothing, but tell the tale as it was told to me—that they actually used to leave the canvases at the door and give runaway knocks. Cromwell-place at midnight was full of fugitive footmen; and, the next morning, Sir Coutts had as much canvas on his hands as the captain of a three-decker. His doorway was barricaded with packing-cases and his letter-box was crammed with pathetic appeals. Under the circumstances, strong language might have been excusable, and yet even to Mr. Halle he never said, "Hang these foundlings." They were not hung then.

They have never been hung since.

And now the reason of his discontent has come round again; and poor Sir Coutts,

Trembling when he sees
An amateur upon his knees,

has suddenly remembered that for years he has been paying rates and taxes, and that he is entitled to the protection of the police. And so ten detectives paraded last night in front of the house with the peacock blue flower-boxes.

No arrests have yet been made, though one suspicious-looking fellow was taken this morning to the police office and charged with being an amateur. He indignantly denied the charge, and as he was able to call witnesses to prove he was only an art critic, the magistrate took a mild view of his case and dismissed him with a caution.

I am told that the police last night got intelligence of a deeply-laid conspiracy to introduce another picture into Sir Coutts' house. A detective received a threatening letter from a lady artist, and the authorities at Scotland-yard think the case serious.

Sir Coutts, accompanied by Messrs. Carr and Halle, this morning went to Holland Park and laid the matter before the President of the Royal Academy. Sir Frederick has acted with his usual courage and his usual good nature.

He has offered to call out the Artists Corps of the Volunteers. As this body are not allowed the use of firearms they will be provided with mahlsticks and palettes. They will assemble at the Arts Club at nine o'clock to-night, and after marching twice round Hanover-square will proceed to Cromwell-place. There they will all set up their easels—a *cordon* of police keeping off the mob—and take portraits of Mr. Comyns Carr. It is hoped that this proceeding will terrorise all amateurs.

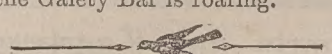
If not, several eminent sculptors, under the direction of Miss Montalba, will then take busts and statues of Mr. Comyns Carr. But Sir Coutts hopes it may not be necessary to resort to so extreme a measure.

All the portraits will be hung at the Grosvenor, and all the busts and statues will be exhibited in the Sculptors' Gallery.

THE THREE LOAFERS.

Three loafers went strolling away to the West,
Away to the Strand ere the sun went down;
Neither thought on the woman who loved him the best,
Although he had wheedled her last half-crown.
For men must loaf, and women must weep,
And loafers don't care—though the're many to keep—
While the Gaiety Bar is roaring.

Three wives sat up in a cold third floor,
And they trimmed their lamps as the sun went down;
Their eyes were weary, their fingers sore—
But yet they must earn them another half-crown.
For men must loaf, and women must weep;
Though hearts are breaking, still drinking is deep;—
And the Gaiety Bar is roaring.



In the *Acton Gazette* of Saturday appears a long letter from one of the churchwardens of All Saints', giving an account "of the disgraceful conduct of two members of the Young Men's Friendly Society."

It circumstantially describes how, having turned off the gas at the Mission Room, torn the Vicar's coat, and caused his curate to sprain his ankle, they levanted to "All Saints' Parish Room," where, having smashed a black board and easel, and broken a window, "they took to their heels."

Yet it was all a hoax, nothing of the kind having occurred.

What does not seem to be a hoax, however, is the way in which local matters appear to be managed in Acton; for,

according to the same paper, in an account given about a meeting of the ratepayers, it turns out that of the twelve members of the Local Board only five had been elected by the parishioners, the others having all been brought in one at a time by the Conservative party.

Two years ago the official salaries, Mr. Lewsey said, were £296 a year; they are now £939 per annum, and of this a father and son secure £400. But then it appears that the father and two of the members of the Local Board are brothers-in-law. As might be expected, so strong a family party do not get the credit of working altogether for the public weal.

Outsiders will think such a state of things is chiefly due to the ratepayers themselves; but from what one of the speakers said, I should say that was only partly the case, for at Acton the voting is controlled to a great extent by the rental of the houses.

For example, the tenant of a house let at £60 a year would have four votes, whereas the owner of one at £30 would only have one; and as the shopkeepers are obliged to hold in with their chief customers, the votes of the majority are swallowed up by those of the minority in consequence of this system of plurality in voting.

The chief point is, whether the system is legal? If it is it should be altered; and if not, it should be discontinued.

Westminster is dissatisfied with its letter carriers—and well it may if, as I hear, it is true that what ought to be the first morning delivery does not take place till after midday. The excuse is that so many circulars are thrust unexpectedly upon the Post Office without warning that it takes up a whole forenoon to get rid of them.

The sensible course to take is obvious. Deliver the letters at once. They are of the most importance. Circulars can wait till afterwards.

Politicians are making merry just now over the possibility of a debate in the House of Commons, on Friday night, on the subject of butter. And yet, why should the time of the House not be occuped with butter? The vivid recollections of hours wasted on subjects far less deserving of the attention or the oratory lavished upon them. Butter is to the inhabitants of these realms an indispensable and important article of diet, and if it is true, as I have seen stated, that we import it annually to the value of £11,000,000 sterling, any discussion would be productive of solid good to the community which should promote its increased manufacture at home.

Besides, it has got mixed up with the noxious compounds, and protection, questions, and altogether. I shall look forward to the butter night in the House with a good deal of interest.

I am asked to state that the action of the Salisbury Club alluded to in this journal last week, in the matter of a certain gallant major, was not to be traced to a breach of the social rules of the club, as the "teterrima causa," whom the committee have tried to turn into a scapegoat, was entertained previously by a well-known baronet who yet remains on the list of members. Meanwhile the state of affairs is considered so unsatisfactory that a meeting has been convened at Willis's Rooms, at which the "unsatisfactory management of the club, the arbitrary dismissal of the late House Committee, the absence in the rules of any clause providing for general meetings, and other matters connected with the club" were discussed. The circulars inviting the attendance of members was, I am credibly informed, signed by no less than 52 members, who "disclaim all hostility to the club." But more of this tomorrow.

One of the regulations of the North London Railway is, "travellers are not permitted to re-book at an intermediate station for the train by which they are travelling." Considering that the booking-offices are at the bottom of the stairs at the stations, and that the trains do not stop half a minute, the caution seems quite superfluous.

At a special meeting of the London School Board, held yesterday afternoon in reference to the death of Sir Charles Reed, M.P., the chairman, a deputation was appointed to attend the funeral, and on the proposal of the chairman seconded by Mr. Stiff, it was decided that the Board schools and the Board offices should be closed on next Wednesday.

Tottenham has its volunteer fire brigade, and from its numbers and excellent spirit it seems tolerably certain that the subscribers to this admirable corps spend their money well. The third annual dinner of the brigade, which took place last week, was largely attended by the *élite* of Tottenham and Edmonton.

Wanderers in the wilds of Berkeley-square are warned against a City arab who has long haunted that neighbourhood after nightfall, waylaying passers-by first with the request for a minute's attention and afterwards for a coin. In the absence or negligence of the police the inhabitants of the square and its surroundings must almost long for a beadle. A sufficient sign of the extremities to which they are reduced by this petty annoyance.

A word in season to that rather numerous class—diners out! When importuned after dark by a persistent mendicant give him a dole or—mention the Charity Organization Society.

At the Arts Club.

On Saturday next the Opera Comique shuts for a week, thus bringing the "run" of the *Pirates* to a close. The new comedy-opera, by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, is in active rehearsal, and will be presented for the first time on Easter Monday. Every one who knows anything about it has a good word both for the libretto and the music. There is lots of fun and cruel satire. The male chorus are hussars; "Patience," the heroine, is a dairy maid to whom "Mr. Bunthorn" (Mr. Grossmith), crowned with roses, reads verse to "Mr. Algernon Grosvenor" (Mr. Barrington), a rival poet is to be "quite too as but." That clever little lady, Miss Julia Gwynne, who has been back playing her original part of Edith in the *Pirates*, has a good acting part, as have also Miss Alice Barnard and Mr. R. Temple. The scenes where Mr. Grossmith, "by the advice of his solicitor," is put up for auction, and where Miss Barnard plays a double bass violin to a moonlit lake should be very funny. Everybody is sure to be in the stalls on the first night, more especially Maudle, Pilcocks, and Co., who have determined not to be crushed.

Things got mixed at the Royalty on Saturday night—not that the pieces went wrong, or the house took fire, or anything of that sort. *Peggy* was played without a hitch, followed by the amusing and leggy *Don Juan Junior*. Those who witnessed the pathetic Peggy might possibly have taken a greater interest in it had they known tha it was

being played for the last time at the "ancestral home of burlesque" in Dean-street.

This touching drama with the somewhat impossible plot was written by Mr. Joe Mackay. Miss Lawler purchased, as she supposed, "all rights," and determined to "run" the piece in London with the idea of making some money and a considerable amount of kudos out of it afterwards in the Provinces. The piece was produced some weeks since, and all went well until a few days ago, when a gentleman put in an appearance and asserted that he had purchased the "country rights" some months before the talented author submitted the MS. to Miss Lawler! This was the point at which things got mixed.

Miss Lawler, on Saturday night, girded on her Don Juan costume, and swore that unless Mr. Joe Mackay came to time before the performance was over, she would withdraw *Peggy*, and substitute *Bow Bells*. *Peggy* is to be heard of no more in Dean-street, and *Bow Bells* was played last night with all the success it deserves—and that's all about it.

Explosion is a word we reserve for the sudden "going-off" of such substances as gunpowder, dynamite, gun-cotton, or nitro glycerine. But, technically, some very harmless substances indeed are "explosive." Thus several cases are on record of common dust, of the house or domestic variety, exploding, while instances of flour and the pulverised particles in bakers' or sweet-meat makers' shops "going off" are numerous.

Coal dust, of course, is explosive, but it needed Mr. Walford's assurance, as given at the meeting of the Society of Arts last week, to persuade us that biscuit-dust was dangerous, or that going with a lighted candle into a room that had been long disused may be nearly as dangerous as going into one filled with gas.

Mr. Walford's paper was suffocatingly full of information; but, nevertheless, he entirely omitted to notice the great social feature of the kitchen boiler. It cost enough lives last winter to make it worth a reference. Could not Mr. Walford give us some authoritative hints as to our kitchen boilers? Both mistresses and servants will be grateful for them.

An entertainment will be given by the Kyrle Society to the inmates of the City of London Union at Holloway to-morrow.

What a horrible and sad fate that was for the three young Kennedys who perished in the Nice Opera House the other day. They were completing their musical education at Nice—a young man of 25, and two fine girls of 18 and 17. They were the children of David Kennedy, the well-known interpreter of Scotch song and character, who, often with his family (among them two of the unfortunate three), has appeared on a London platform.

David, or "Dawvid," as they call him in Perth, where he commenced life as a house-painter and precentor, or leader of Kirk psalmody, is a fine example of what determined perseverance can do. Overcoming a naturally harsh voice and unfortunate manner, he has by sheer hard work gradually risen to fame and fortune as a singer of Scotch songs and teller of Scotch stories. He and his family have been all over the world, welcomed everywhere, and sent home with "gowpens o' gowd." What's more, they have written books about it. Poor Dawvid will have a sair, sair heart to-day.

Apropos of Jullien, I wonder if London musicians are aware that great masses of his orchestral arrangements are lying, buried with dust and threatened with rapid decay, in the store rooms of one of the Strand theatres. It might not be the worst of speculations to bring them to light, and give the present generation a notion of what it was that held their fathers and uncles by the ears a quarter of a century ago. To be sure, a Jullien programme without the ineffable splendour of the colossal creature himself would be a mere imperfect reflection of the past, but it might serve at least a temporary purpose, and could be made to point a musical moral, if it would not adorn a critical tale.

Quevedo's familiar enquiry, "Who is she?" has just now its direct application. For is not a mysterious announcement going the rounds to the effect that "the pretty wife of a rising artist has been studying for the stage, and will shortly appear at a London Theatre"? Somebody, perhaps, is only trying to take a rise out of us—possibly the artist. Either way, we want to know.

A Cruel Test is to be applied to the public at Margate about Easter—Messrs. W. Terriss and Robert Hall having written in collaboration an original comedy so entitled.

Mr. Pinero, the actor-dramatist, I grieve to learn, is so seriously indisposed as to have been compelled to withdraw for a while from his professional labours.

In the sculpture gallery of the Royal Academy in May will be seen in effigy the typical heavy swell of the period in the shape of Boehm's white marble bust of Mr. Bancroft.

A posthumous drama by the first Lord Lytton is looked for in the autumn upon the boards of one of our chief London theatres. The plot has been adapted from Plautus, two exquisite female characters being added by the English author to the original list of the *dramatis personæ*. Classical in its conception and treatment, I am able to promise that it will be found worthy of the great novelist-dramatist's reputation.

The Oasis Club has found new quarters in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket; and on Saturday a very pleasant house-warming dinner took place under the presidency of Mr. R. E. Francillon, arch-patriarch of the club. There was a good muster of members and guests, and there is every prospect that there will be no "flitting" for some time to come.

On Saturday evening was produced at the Park Theatre, with considerable success, a new drama in four acts, entitled *Gerty*. Miss Stella Brereton is to be much commended for her infinitely pathetic as well as graceful and refined assumption of the *title rôle*. Her tender playfulness in the lighter scenes of the drama afforded a striking contrast to the great emotional power she displayed in the stronger passages.

"How to sound the letter R," will look enticingly, I make certain, to many of those to whom it is especially addressed. That is to say, to students of singing and declamation. Written as a practical method by B. Lutgen, it is strongly recommended by names so eminent as Arthur Sullivan, Sims Reeves, Henry Irving, and Mrs. Lemmens-Sherrington.

Spoken, instead of sung, the examples given would have, no doubt, the oddest effect. But, then, they are intended

not for speaking, but for singing. A single illustration will suffice to show what is here meant.

The tdumpet of the battle
Hath a high and thdilling tone;
And the fidst deep gun of an ocean fight
Ddead music all its own.

Sung, instead of spoken, all sense of the ridiculous in the above entirely disappears.

We have reason to believe that Signor Salvini will give a short series of performances in London immediately after returning from his present American tour—probably in June or July. These representations will be, it is expected, in the style already adopted across the Atlantic; his own part to be spoken in Italian and the others in English. Anomalous as this arrangement sounds in theory, it is found entirely satisfactory in practice; more particularly in plays like *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, the language of which is familiar to audiences in general.

The plan itself is by no means new. It was introduced in America, many years ago, by Mr. Edwin Booth, who engaged the German tragedian Boqumil Dawison—at the substantial salary of £200 per night—to play Othello in his own tongue, Mr. Booth acting Iago in English. The polyglot principle was even extended to the length of employing a heroine, Madame Methua-Scheller, who spoke both languages—addressing Dawison in German and the other characters in the speech of the text.

Those who care for the practical side of theatrical business may be interested to know that Signor Salvini receives in America thirty-five per cent. of the gross nightly returns. He is under no expense whatever, the enterprising manager who conducts the speculation paying everything required for the supporting company, including outlay for travelling, board, lodging, &c. Yet the success is said to have been so great as to give equal satisfaction to both parties in the transaction.

Mrs. Booth, the wife of Mr. Edwin Booth, the actor, is, I am sorry to learn, lying dangerously ill of consumption and but little, if any, hope is entertained of her recovery. Mr. Booth, whose engagement terminated at the Royal Princess's Theatre on Saturday, owing to this domestic trial, is in much want of a needful rest from his professional duties, and his contemplated engagement at the Lyceum with Mr. Irving, where he was to take the part of Iago in *Othello*, is not likely to be entered upon for some time to come.

Mr. Kuhe, so we hear from Brighton, has decided for the future to hold his musical festival in November instead of February, as hitherto. As he says, February is one of the dullest months of the season, while it is in full swing during November. There can be no questioning the advisability of his decision.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's new novel, "the Black Robe," which is promised for early issue in volume form, has been for some months running as a serial in the *South London Press*.

The leading vocalists engaged in connection with the approaching musical festival at Norwich are Madame Albani, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, Madame Mudie Bolingbroke, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Barton M'Guckin, Mr. Santley, and Mr. F. King. The chief soprano part in Sir Julius Benedict's new cantata will be undertaken by Mrs. Osgood, and that in Mr. F. Cowen's new work by Madame Albani.

Mr. John Prescott Knight, R.A., the eminent portrait painter, who for a period of a quarter of a century was secretary to the Royal Academy, died at his residence at Maida-hill on Saturday, at the age of 78.

A bust will soon be set up in St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of George Cruikshank—the work of Mr. Adams Acton. Underneath it will be a memorial tablet, bearing the following inscription:—"In memory of his genius and his art, his matchless industry, and worthy work for all his fellow-men, this monument is humbly placed within this sacred fane by her who loved him best, his widowed wife."

Churches and Churchmen.

Pictorial Preaching is, it seems, the latest product of Yankee inventiveness. A pulpit orator of the rousing kind has ingeniously fixed within easy reach of the cushion over which he discourses, the crank of a panoramic apparatus, by touching which he can "turn on" his illustrations!

Dives and Lazarus being the subject of his first sermon, a highly-realistic effect was produced by the picture in which the dog is portrayed licking the sores of the beggar at the rich man's gate; while the descent of the latter into hell, as a sensational scene, was surpassed by a more appalling representation of the end of the world.

How many curates do our lady readers think there are belonging to the Church of England? Exactly 5,275.

Of these about 1,000 are in enjoyment of incomes of £100 or less per annum. There are only three with more than £300, while four receive only £10, twenty-four £20, sixteen £30, thirty-two £40, a hundred and one £50, sixty-two £60, fifty-one £70, a hundred and eleven £80, and thirty-four £90.

Liverpool has its little diocesan troubles, though it has not as yet "fleshed its maiden sword" in conflict before the Dean of Arches, thanks to the moderation of Dr. Ryle. Its choristers, and the garb they shall wear, had been the knotty point that threatened discord. The question was cassocks or no cassocks. The bishop was one of the ayes, and did not hesitate to express his weakness for violet shades. One of the canons, however, threatened to resign his stall if the pro-cathedral was desecrated by cassocks under any form, or of any hue, and so the bishop, for peace' sake, gave way.

Excellent example!

Dr. M'Cabe, the Roman Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, will, it is said, be created Papal Legate in Ireland. This office has not been filled up since the death of Cardinal Cullen.

All the furniture in the house of the Rev. Mr. Green, the Ritualistic rector of Miles Platting, has been seized to pay the taxed costs of £249 inflicted by the Court of Arches. The rev. gentleman is still "for conscience' sake" in Lancaster Castle.

Meanwhile the Rev. Mr. Enraght is gradually approaching the same stage of proceedings. £200 was deposited yesterday at the Fee Fund Office of the House of Lords, and within a week will be increased by a further sum of £500, binding the contumacious Ritualist to abide by the decision of the House of Lords as to payment of costs to Lord Penzance.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

DEAR CUCKOO,—Please correct one of your welcome "Notes." I have no intention of doing my party the ill turn to divide the Conservatives at St. Ives, in Cornwall. St. Ives returns only one member.

I *did* fly in the face of local compromise at Truro last election, and insisted on forcing a fight for the second seat. But Truro returns two members, and I knew that the seat of Sir J. M. Hogg was safe.

Yours,

Lincoln's Inn. JOHN CHESTER.

A Conservative correspondent writes to us: "The Northern Counties Constitutional Newspaper Company is, we hear, doing good work for the Conservatives by their halfpenny daily, *The North Star*, and their penny weekly, *The Northern Standard*. London must have a soul above joint stock companies, or it would not have allowed Darlington and Scotland to have all the field to themselves. What has become of *The Constitutional Press Corporation?* Has it been snuffed out by St. Stephen's Chambers?"

Whatever opposition after Easter may be offered to the Scotch Educational Endowments Bill will, I hear, be led by Mr. Barclay, M.P. for Forfarshire.

Mr. Joseph Cowen's deliberate judgment upon the present House of Commons is that it is one of the most intolerant and most illiberal assemblies that have ever met at Westminster. Mr. Cowen does not stop to discuss whether this feeling is to be attributed to the inexperience of many of the members, or whether it has been generated by the active character of a section of the Opposition; but he affirms unhesitatingly that if the temper shown does not mend, it will become almost impossible for any independent member to get a hearing.

WAR OR PEACE?—A Cabinet Council was summoned hastily yesterday at noon.

Lord Ripon has been led astray by the wretched example of Lord Lytton, and is now attempting in a surreptitious way to maintain the honour of the Crown in India.

But Ministers must take care that this outrage to national sentiment is not permitted to continue.

What has British India in the East done to justify the occupation of advanced posts, while British India in the West is forbidden to defend itself in the same way? Can it be that in the East our enemies are weak, while in the West they are rather stronger?

We cannot entertain for a moment the suspicion that the Government of England is cowardly, or even timid; but what justification does it put forward for this bold front to His Majesty, the Lord of Countless White Elephants and King of Mandalay?

His Majesty threatens to attack Munipore, but what of that? Are we not accustomed to being attacked, and getting the worst of it?

Let, then, the Imperial policy towards Mandalay cease, or the nation will believe the Government has been seduced by the phantom of military glory to abandon the grand old policy of submission to insult.

In consequence of the paragraphs which have appeared in these columns, the Land Leaguers confined in Kilmainham Gaol have come to the conclusion that, as the food supplied to them in the ordinary prison dietary is fit for gentlemen, it is fit for them too. Under the circumstances, and in consequence of protest from without, they have announced their resolution not to draw upon Land League Funds for any more luxuries.

One man, the meanest born and deepest-dredged of all the Land Leaguers, objected. He liked the good living, he said.

This evening, in the Lords, notice will be given from the Opposition side of the House condemnatory of the peace recently concluded in the Transvaal.

PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS.—In the House of Lords, this evening, Lord Waveney will ask which Government, the Indian or Afghan, receives at present the revenues at Candahar, and subject to what account: also, in the event of Candahar being transferred to the Government of Abdur Rahman, what means of protection for British subjects will be adopted; and whether a Consul with right of flag and escort will reside in that city. In the House of Commons, Mr. Ashton Dilke will move "that the introduction of a decimal system of coinage, weights, and measures ought not to be longer delayed." Mr. Stevenson has given notice of his intention to oppose the motion. Should the latter be disposed of at an early hour, Mr. E. A. Leatham will have the next place for his resolution calling for reform of the law relating to the patronage of benefices.

We have reason to believe that the duties upon gold and silver plate (Customs and Excise) will be totally abolished by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Monday next, and that a drawback will be provided on silver plate upon which the duty has been paid during the last five years. It is not expected that any drawback will be allowed upon wedding-rings.

Law and Police.

The intelligent foreigner who acted as interpreter for Mr. Otto in the case of Otto *v.* Linford, the other day, cannot have a very high opinion of barristers' English, if he thoroughly understands our language. Among the simple questions asked through him, and which he had to translate into German, was the following:—"What is the essence of your machine?" That settled him completely—he did not even comprehend the meaning of the term "essence of your machine." Later on he had another puzzle given to him, and after vainly attempting to convert it into German, appealed to his tormentors to be allowed "to give up the job" and retire from his place as interpreter.

This incident reminds me of the German who was called as a witness in a trial, and who wished to be excused as he did not understand good English. "You will not hear good English at the bar," was the reply of the learned judge on the bench.

A very great deal has been written and said about the impropriety and danger of carrying loaded revolvers about the person. A score of crimes, at least, have resulted from the practice during the last twelve months.

But why is not the Act passed in 1870 enforced? It requires every one carrying a fire-arm to take out a licence, or in default to pay a penalty of £10—and the Act has not been repealed.

In the City.

One of the Livery Companies, anxious to devise some method of getting rid of its surplus funds, has hit upon the expedient of a masked ball, which will be tried during the coming season.

Already THE CUCKOO has referred more than once to the general organisation and administration of the civic institutions of the City of London. It is intended in these columns to follow up what has already been remarked upon this important theme by observations directly to the point upon the other great municipal guilds and charities of the metropolis. The carrying out of that design is obviously all the more desirable from the fact that a searching investigation of the manner in which the ancient and wealthy companies of the chief city in the Empire are administered is being made by a Royal Commission.

A foremost place, as is very well known, is occupied among the venerable guilds of London by that of the Cordwainers. Under its direction various largely endowed charities have long flourished. All information in regard to them the Company has hitherto resolutely declined to give. What is known and done in the Cordwainers' Hall in Cannon-street, the Masters and Wardens of the Guild are to this moment carefully veiling from observation.

Notwithstanding, however, this systematic reticence on the part of the Cordwainers, there are historical facts in relation to them that are beyond concealment.

An interval of not less than 471 years is known to have elapsed since the date (A.D. 1410) of the company's incorporation. Prior to that a guild of the like kind undoubtedly existed as far back as in 1272, otherwise in the fifty-sixth year of the reign of Henry III. The earliest charter of incorporation of the later Company of Cordwainers was granted in the reign of Henry VI., under date 1439.

Subsequently, under James II., a new charter was granted to the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers, under which charter the guild is to this day flourishing.

Among all the charities of the Cordwainers, the earliest of which any knowledge is obtainable is one dating back 334 years, and arising out of a legacy left in 1547 by John Fisher. By him the house on the south side of Fleet-street, opposite St. Dunstan's, and known by the sign of the Falcon, was devised in fee to the Cordwainers. Realising £6 8s. 6d. a year in 1547, the property, by reason of the enormous increase of the value of money since then, ought obviously to represent to-day a very considerable income indeed. Instead of which, under the *hocus pocus* of the Cordwainers' concealments, the actual present income is coolly estimated by the Guild as representing a rent charge of £5 13s. 8d. a-year—otherwise 14s. less than the original income derived from it 334 years ago after the payment of all charges upon it in the shape of legacies and annuities. Never, certainly, was there a more bewildering disappearance.

The increased increment, in the most incomprehensible way, has utterly vanished. The discrepancy is so flagrant between what there ought to be, and what there is—according to the Cordwainers' Company—that it cannot in reason or in common sense do otherwise than whet the appetite for inquiry of the Royal Commissioners.

We are glad to hear that the Carta Para Gold Mining Company is doing even better than was expected.

LAWSON v. LABOUCHERE.

It was hard upon six o'clock, and hardly less hard upon a famished Court, when the usher unfastened a latch and the jury jumped out of the box.

Everybody felt—in the same way that Mr. George Phillips "felt" Mr. Lawson was waiting outside the Club to canonize his uncle's cane—there would never be a verdict.

Twelve free-born Britons disagreeing to agree to disagree at this hour wore an ominous look, and looked like a night of it. When they sent in for great-coats and began to telegraph to their wives, a pensive melancholy stole over the Court. The gas was lighted, and counsel not in the case changed their wigs for bald heads, or whatever else nature had provided.

Lord Coleridge, fagged by leaning on one side throughout his four hours' summing-up, retired with silent grace. But Mr. Labouchere rested his head on his hand, as though in pain. The places occupied by Sir Hardinge Giffard and Sir John Holker were empty, and absent Mr. Lawson was represented by Mr. Poland and his solicitor.

An hour passed. Business being flat in the House, a member or two strolled across in the hope of fun. Presently a rumour floated in that the printers of *Truth* were rallying in the Hall, determined to carry Mr. Labouchere in inky triumph to Trafalgar-square.

To dispel the universal flatness and keep up the spirits of the other side, Mr. Labouchere came from his seat into the well and joked with his enemy's attorney.

"Let us have a bet on the verdict, to feel some interest in the case." But the summing-up had entered the soul of the attorney, and he declined.

"I call him a fair Judge—very fair. But he rather rounded on me at the end!" and Mr. Labouchere chuckled his "Eh?" and with his hands well in his trousers pockets, and his arms aslant, sauntered up into the gallery, and joined the ladies.

Big Ben had boomed seven as some one shouted "Silence!" and Lord Coleridge, smiling sweetly, was discovered, standing, on the Bench. Everybody dropped into their seats. Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Poland stood up. The jury disagreed. SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER!

Mr. Poland and Mr. Labouchere had no wish to punish the jury. But Mr. Poland clearly couldn't propose anything, and Mr. Labouchere clearly wouldn't. Being a criminal case, the Judge musn't.

Mr. Poland was only anxious about the future, but Mr. Labouchere resolutely refused the hint, and both sat down and said no more.

As the Jury filed out free men, Mr. Labouchere was there extending his gracious hand. Some took it, while others did not.

Mr. Labouchere was last seen struggling manfully in Westminster Hall, with his hands firmly fixed in his

pockets, against an enthusiastic crowd of admirers who, if they live, may one day be men.

Had Mr. Labouchere known whose beautiful eyes looked down upon him from the steps of the Court, he might have gone another way.

Cuckoo Notes.

A correspondent, referring to the report of THE CUCKOO having been heard in Cheshire, says: "the earliness of the bird's arrival indicates imitative rustic talent rather than respectable reliability. Hearers of cuckoos before the First of April are usually defective in the aural department."

Our correspondent, however, is mistaken. THE CUCKOO has been *seen* in the metropolis for well nigh three weeks.

We thank *The Critic's* printer for its kindly notice of this bird. "Judging from what we have seen of the first ten numbers, we should not be surprised if one day it did not migrate."

Macte virtute puer!

A great deal has been said, of course, about us by our contemporaries. Most of it has been very pleasantly said; some of it very disagreeably. But there is an error in natural history underlying nearly all comments, friendly or the reverse; for constant references are made to the habits of the cuckoo of "laying its eggs in other birds' nests."

But, gentlemen, consider for a moment. *It is only the female cuckoo that does this.*

The male bird, we take it, is a most responsible and upright bird. But his wife hates housekeeping, the worry of servants, messing about in the nursery, keeping accounts, and so forth. *Voila tout!*

Like a bird of the world, he gives way, lets his partner do as she likes, and instead of taking and furnishing a nest all to themselves for the season, she farms out her babies, and the old couple live, as it were, *en pension*, in flats, knocking about as they choose, and seeing and hearing everything that is going on.

Twenty-five thousand pounds for the panorama of the Balaclava charge. Why you might have had the real thing for less!

Lord Egerton, of Tatton, has so far recovered from his recent indisposition that he is able to take daily walks in his back garden. We are glad to know that his lordship has such good grounds for assisting recovery. Ahem!

A timid maiden lady recently objected to go to Chamouni, on the ground that the innkeepers there are reported to live upon tourists. Other remarks of the same spinster deserve to be chronicled. For instance, when her spiritual adviser asked her seriously whether she thought that death might not be as good a state as life, she replied that the two would be pretty much the same provided that one had health and strength to enjoy them. She teaches at a night-school, and a fortnight ago, a big-wig arrived to examine her class. "Boys," she said, as the magnate entered, "put the fool's form here for the gentleman to sit on." The fool's form is her improvement upon the old dunce's cap. Good, ingenuous Miss Mittens!

What a wonderful pistol it is, Sir William Vernon Harcourt! So dreadfully dangerous when it is loaded, and still more dangerous unloaded!

Our readers will remember that it took half of Scotland-yard to remove the diabolical engine from the vicinity of the Home Secretary, and it now appears that somebody at Glasgow has written to the London police warning them not to draw the charge.

Seeing that the pistol was loaded with burnt cork, the advice was not thrown away, presuming policemen care about keeping their fingers clean.

At the investiture of the Czar with the Garter yesterday H.R.H. the Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a British General, and the Duke of Edinburgh that of a British Admiral. The Czar was in the dark green uniform of the Russian Infantry.

We have reason to believe that "Lawson v. Labouchere" is by no means finally disposed of. Neither side is nor can be satisfied with the results of yesterday.

Mr. Pemberton, the owner of the part of the river at which one of the Cambridge undergraduates was drowned last week, has issued a notice stating that any person found drowning themselves on his premises will be prosecuted.

Mr. Geo. Ridley, of West Brighton, exhibited a large collection of moths and butterflies at the *soirée* of the Brighton and Sussex Natural History Society the other evening, which formed, as it deserved, a conspicuous feature of the evening. It is one of the finest collections of Lepidoptera in the South of England.

A happy family. The following are among the latest fashionable arrivals at a Liverpool establishment:—121 grey African parrots, 2 chimpanzees, 2 Diana monkeys, 24 mixed African monkeys, 2 large snakes, 1 Genet cat, 1 porcupine, 1 mongoose, 1 tapir, 2 rosa spoonbills, 1 heron, 1 moustache monkey, 1 Peccay pig, 1 large tortoise, 12 Capuchin monkeys, 17 Amazon green parrots, 19 flying foxes, 3 black swans, 1 dead gorilla, some African curiosities, 23 cock Virginian nightingales, 15,000 land tortoises.

Sir John Dalzell's anemone, we are glad to hear from *Nature*—one of the most delightful of publications—is still alive. It was taken off some rocks at North Berwick, fifty-nine years ago by Sir John Dalzell, and at his death handed over to Professor Fleming, and at *his* death to Dr. James McBain, and at *his* death to Mr. Sadler, curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh.

"Granny," as this venerable sea anemone is affectionately called, gives birth every year to a family, her youngest nursling being barely a year old.

"Hop culture in our Gardens" is the comment of Our Delirious Contributor upon the latest novelty out in the way of dances—to wit, the Lawn Tennis Quadrille.

He also informs me that the author of "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid," having himself patented a new non-intoxicating drink, suggests a fresh name for Zoedone—in a word, Zoedon't.

Mathematical gentlemen have never yet explained to my satisfaction the theory of prophecies. How many failures, for instance, do they say go to make up one such hit as that of Zadkiel, who "prophesied" on January 1 that the Czar of Russia would in the middle of March come into great peril. It is easy enough to say that this was a safe prediction—but then nobody but Zadkiel, as it happens made it.

A new street from East-street to Trinity-square is in project, and very much it is needed, too. Traffic suffers from chronic congestion at that point.

"Lord Beaconsfield passed a restless night owing to the pain of gout. Paroxysms of asthma less severe." Such, shortly, is the last bulletin from Curzon-street.

The Services.

Among the objections taken to the territorial naming of regiments is the practical one that an officer in action wishing to lead on his men maybe reduced to the absurdity of calling out "Come on Cumberland and Westmoreland Regiment!" instead of "Come on 34th." The men, instead of charging, would probably go into fits of laughter.

Moreover, seeing that the regiments are all to be so very territorial indeed, ought it not to be *de rigueur* to give the words of command in the dialect of each different shire?

It is to be hoped the commanding officers of the Volunteers will not allow either themselves or their men to be "trotted out" on Easter Sunday at Brighton for the benefit of the Town Council and the immediate circle of friends of these worthies.

Under the guise of holding divine service in the dome, the occasion has hitherto been eagerly seized upon by the local "patres conscripti," not only to push themselves, as usual, to the front, but to invite their friends as well, under such auspices, to patronise our citizen soldiers. Admission-tickets to the dome are issued to a favoured few, who, on obtaining them, have the advantage of securing the best seats and most commanding positions, to the exclusion of their guests. The latter are deposited in the body of the hall, where they may be looked down upon, or at, according as the wish of the spectator prompts him, just as if they were some show or entertainment.

Let each commanding officer arrange that his men should parade at a somewhat earlier hour than divine service is usually held, and march to one or other of the many churches Brighton is provided with. Such a course would dispense with a ceremony which, however pleasing to these local magnates, must of necessity be distasteful in a nobler quarter. Though at Lewes the 'trotting out' of the different Volunteer corps does not partake of the same elaborate character as at Brighton, yet the church parade, as it is called, might well be discontinued, and our citizen soldiers left unmolested.

Our Royal midshipmen have had a capital opportunity of seeing what our South African possessions are like, but that their stay has been unexpectedly shortened by the conclusion of Peace with the Boers, must be felt as a keen disappointment by both officers and crews of the ships composing the detached squadron.

Prince Albert Edward and George of Wales were not to have accompanied the Naval Brigade, which would have been landed had the war been prolonged; yet their Royal Highnesses will have a permanent impression left on their minds by the excitement they saw on board the *Bacchante* and the other vessels at the prospect of a brush with an enemy. The hurrying of the squadron to the Cape, and the detaining of it there till the last day of March, involves considerable departures from the programme of the squadron as originally fixed, the Admiralty not wishing the vessels to remain absent much beyond the date given in the sailing instructions received by the Earl of Clanwilliam before the squadron left England.

It is likely that "Ever-Victorious" Gordon, conqueror of the Tae-pings, will get his general's rank next month. And then? Why, then, he says, "his career in the army ends." So much the worse for the army.

There is ecstasy among the bear-skinned warriors of the First Battalion of the Coldstreams, and of the Scots Guards at Dublin. They are daily expecting the order to return from the pellucid banks of the Liffey, to beauty, beer, and Birdcage-walk.

The Irish Militia regiments are not to be embodied for training this year. This is intended as a compliment to their admirable drill and discipline. Cuckoo!

By the way, it is a genuine Irish grievance that under the proposed new scheme of army organisation junior regiments should be attached to Ireland. The 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, and 39th were all originally "raised" in that country. Why not send them back to it?

The 65th and 84th, which are to be amalgamated and known as "The Hallamshire Regiment," justly protest against the proposed title. Hallamshire is a circumscribed district of Sheffield, with a population of some thirty thousand, and they claim to belong to Yorkshire entire. They should be satisfied if they were called "The York and Lancaster Regiment," the present designation of the 84th. This protest is the stranger that the King's Own Borderers, a Scotch corps, is to be called the York Regiment, and the 14th, a Buckinghamshire corps, is to be renamed the West York Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel Lord Ranelagh (South Middlesex Rifles) and Lieut.-Colonel Lord Bury (Civil Service Rifles) are the only Volunteer officers who will command brigades in the Review on Easter Monday.

In real fighting, would the same rule obtain?

The Day's Amusements.

A Putney correspondent writes to say that the Light Blue partisans are gaining more confidence every day, and that he will not be surprised if, when the day comes, Cambridge starts the favourite.

A local photographer having asked the Cambridge crew to allow him to take their likenesses, and his request meeting with a point-blank refusal, he took up a prominent position close to the spot of embarkation, and took what he wanted.

A natatorial aspirant issues a challenge to swim Captain Webb eight hours per day for six days.

Tewkesbury has this year fixed its annual regatta for July 26, and it is worth noticing by watermen that the West of England Grand Challenge Vase, worth £120, is included in the programme.

The Albert and Corinthian Yacht Clubs, at Portsmouth, are both looking forward to a good season. The former has £300 for prize money, and intends throwing the £100 Albert Cup open to all rigs. The latter is going to open its new premises on the Clarence Esplanade, on April 2nd, with a dinner, at which Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar will preside.

Southampton cricketers are anxious to measure their strength against Daft's Eleven; and St. Luke's Club have challenged the Wanderers to play them on the local ground early in May.

Fernandez, Prestonpans, and Out of Bounds all did good work yesterday, and are in fine going condition.

Jupiter Tonans is still very lame, and it is indeed doubtful whether he will ever be run again in public.

The newly-formed Trotting Association, at a meeting held last night, agreed to issue licences to jockeys riding under their rules. This is a step in the right direction.

A gun club has been established at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

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